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The Invasion :

A
P O E M
T O T H E
Q U E E N.

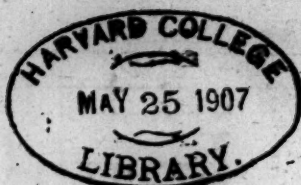
By Mr. *HILL*.

*Nil actum est, inquit, nisi, Gallo milite, Portas
Frangimus, & Regno vexillum pono Britanno,
Quantulus at rediit ?* Juv. Sat. 10.

L O N D O N :

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154 21/15/14 *



Gift of Ernest B. Dane,
of Boston.

The Invasion:

A

P O E M.

P *PRIDE* of the World, permit an humble Muse
To snatch the Theme her Duty bids her choose,
That so the boundless Zeal which now inspires,
And warms my glowing Breast with *Loyal Fires*,
May teach my tow'ring Fancy to rehearse
Your *Godlike* Actions in a lofty Verse:
So shall Your *spreading Laurels* never die,
Nor Your bright Deeds in dark *Oblivion* lie,
But Ages yet unborn shall learn to bless
The *Author* of those Joys *their Children* must possess.

Oh! cou'd You see with how sincere a Flame
My Soul expands in Raptures at Your Name!
How *pure* my Praise! how *innocent* my Song!
My Pray'rs how *ardent*! and my Zeal how *strong*!
You *wou'd not*, cou'd not think Your Virtuous Rays
Produc'd so base a Plant as *mercenary Praise*.

No hopes of Gain can stain my *bonest* Pen,
Nor can I stoop to write like flatt'ring Men;
For tho', *Obscure*, 'mongst vulgar Crowds I lie,
Skreen'd from the Sun of Your enliv'ning Eye,
I bear a Loyal Soul, and dare to do
Beyond the Pow'r of Man, to serve a QUEEN like YOU.

A 2

But

But 'tis a needless Art I practise now,
 Too low to HEAV'N and YOU we cannot bow;
 For Majesty like Yours, and Pow'r Divine,
 Whose dazzling Rays with spotless Lustre shine,
 By *innate* Force draw Praise from ev'ry Land,
 Nor can we give You *more* than You command;
 Envy herself can spy no *doubtful* Act,
 Nor Malice from your *witness'd* Worth detract;
 Faction, *disarm'd*, submits to what You do,
 Nor can the brightest Praise reach Pow'r to flatter YOU.

Long had BRITANNIA mourn'd a cloudy Fate,
 Depress'd with Fears for her *divided* State;
 Long had each willing Sister *wish'd* in vain,
 For Dreams *alternate* of the Crown and Chain
 Invite 'em oft, oft bear 'em *wide* again:
 Till Heav'n, indulgent to the doubtful Isle,
 Look'd down with Pity, and vouchsaf'd a Smile;
 What common Kings had found too hard to do,
 Some Pow'r *Cæstrial* must attempt *anew*;
 Thence *Jove* shot down from Heav'n his brightest Ray,
 To animate the purest part of Clay,
 From which Great UNION Godlike ANNA came,
 ANNA, the darling Favourite of Fame!
 By Her the wond'rous Task was bravely done,
 And the Coy Nymphs to kind Embraces won;
 At Her *Desire* Heav'n's mighty Mandates fly,
 And firm a Gordian Knot that Hell can ne'r unty.

In a rough part of Gallia's Warlike Land,
 A craggy Ridge of Rocky Mountains stand,
 Whose steep Ascents, and vast *unmeasur'd* Height
 With pleasing Wonder strike the distant sight;
 Their solid sides vast Tracts of Land surround,
 And skreen bright Prospects of *Enchanted* Ground.

Here, on a gaudy Throne of glitt'ring State,
 As Fortune *changeable*, but *fix'd* as Fate,
 With Eagles Wings, and Virgins lovely Face,
 Of Form inviting, and unequal'd Grace,
 The Fiend *Ambition* sits, and shines around the place;

Imperial

Imperial Crowns of Gold adorn her Head,
 From whence, in wanton Curls, her Tresses spread ;
 Her Hands are elevated as her Look,
 One holds a Bloody Sword, and one a Golden Book.
 On her Right-hand appears her Sister *Pride*,
 And crawling *Envy* guards the other side ;
 Of either Sex un-numbered Swarms appear,
 And throng in Crowds to pay their Homage here ;
 On all alike the crafty *Fury* smiles,
 With equal Art their various Thoughts beguiles,
 First draws them on to Fate, then glories in their Spoils. }
 For round large Hills, o'erspread with shining Light,
 With Gold *refulgent*, and with Diamonds *bright*,
 Ten thousand Deaths in strange Disguises stand,
 And crush the rash Invaders of that LAND.

Hither the News of *ANNA*'s Honours came,
 The *pond'rous* Message burst the Trump of *Fame*, }
 And ev'ry Fiend grew pale, and trembl'd at Her Name. }
 An awful Silence swiftly follow'd this,
 And *Envy*'s Snakes, with fright, forgot to hiss,
 Till from her Throne the shock'd Ambition starts,
 And in these Words her fix'd Resolves imparts :

Ha! shall I lose, *at last*, my boasted Pow'r?
 Long have the Books of Fate foretold this Hour ;
 Either my Empire falls, or *ANNA* bleeds :
 But I waste time in *Words*, behold my *Deeds*,
 She said,-----and on the Ground her Ensigns threw, }
 Extended wide her Wings, and upward flew. }
 And left her Train amaz'd and wondring at the View.

Near the fam'd Borders of the River *Seine*,
 Whose gentle Streams in large *Mæanders* twine,
 Whose swelling Floods by fertil Show'rs advance,
 And kindly wash the fairest Plains of *France*,
Versailles, a small, but stately City, lies,
 And rears her lofty Turrets to the Skies ;
 Proudly she boasts the *Source* whence Honours spring,
 From the fix'd Residence of *Gallia*'s King ;
 For *there* that Mighty Monarch's Palace stands,
 Guarded by brawny Slaves in chosen Bands.

Here, on a Bed of State, the Tyrant lies,
Pregnant with Hopes to make the World his Prize ;
Here different Passions round his Bosom roll,
And various Tortures rack his anxious Soul ;
Here conscious Guilt invades his *wish'd* Repose,
And magnifies the Number of his Foes ;
Now he has mounted the Triumphant Car,
Now sinks beneath the Weight of adverse War ;
Here Hopes and Fears *alternate* Changes bring,
And *here* AMBITION finds her Fav'rite King.

An unexpected Sleep had clos'd his Eyes,
And seiz'd his Senses with a soft Surprise,
When to the place the angry Fury came,
Her Breast all boiling, and her Eyes shot Flame.

Son, says the Fiend, bright Darling of my Care,
Pride of my Hopes, and Subject of my Pray'r,
Rouze from the Damps in which your Senses steep,
'Tis not, oh ! 'tis not *Now* a time to sleep.
Have I, for *this*, your *lost* Advantage fought ?
For *this* your Pow'r with Blood of *Nations* bought ?
Have I for *this* your daring Breast inspir'd,
And with hot Flames of War your Bosom fir'd ?
Have your great Stratagems bound *Europe* fast ?
And must a *Woman* break the Chain at last ?
Ah Prince ! *betimes* exert a vig'rous Care,
Betimes for Death or Victory prepare ;
For oh ! I fear, nay, more than *fear*, I *know*,
From *ANNA*'s Arm you must expect a Blow,
And who opposes *Her* has Heav'n to be his Foe.
In vain abroad your dreadful *Cannons* roar,
In vain your *Fleets* at home defend your Shoar ;
In vain your *Armies* Foreign Vict'ries gain,
In vain *Almanza* gave you conquer'd *Spain* ;
And, oh ! in vain your baffl'd Soldiers fight,
While the two *Barriers* of your Pow'r *Unite* :
BRITAIN, Great Prince, by Heav'n and *ANNA* led,
Has join'd *Two Bodies* to *One Sovereign Head* ;
And if *divided* She cou'd shake your Throne,
She may o'erturn it *Now*, since into *UNION* grown.

Rouze

Rouze then, and swiftly form some vast Design,
 Impending Dangers shou'd Dispatch incline ;
Speed gives *Success*, by Time 'tis lost or won,
 'Tis not 'twas bravely *Thought*, but bravely *Done*.
 I know your *Courage great*, I know you *Wise*,
 And therefore but *remind* you, not *advise*.
 You have a *British Prince* attends your Court,
 At least a *Prince* by His and Our Report ;
 Contested Titles we dispute in vain,
Kings should not mind the *Justice*, but the *Gain*.
 Strike now ; a Wound just clos'd you'll soon renew ;
 But, if neglected *long*, you'll find it hard to do.

She said,-----and vanish'd swiftly from his sight,
 Lost in the fable Clouds of dusky Night.
 The frighted King in furious haste arose,
 Forgot the softer thoughts of his Repose ;
 The Fury's Sting had touch'd his Vital Flood,
 And raging Fevers heats inflam'd his Blood.

Revolving Thoughts consum'd the tedious Night,
 And Eastern Skies display'd the Morning Light,
 When the fierce King a hasty Summons sends,
 And each commanded Officer attends ;
 The wond'ring Council in Confusion met,
 By the King's side the young *Pretender* fate ;
 Fires in his Soul a flaming Wrath provoke,
 While thus, with sparkling Eyes, the *Gallick Tyrant* spoke :

Lords of this Land, where I so long have reign'd,
 Whose Loyalty your Courage has maintain'd,
 I call'd you hither *now*, to let you know
 I aim my Arrows at a *British* Foe ;
 Their sudden *UNION* has my Hopes betray'd,
 We must dissolve the Tye that Knot has made,
 Not meanly *guard* our own, but Hostile Shoars *invade*.
 And *You*, young Prince, whose too unhappy Fate
 Has cast you roughly from your Father's State,
 Shall have my Help to lift you to a Throne
 That justly is, *or ought to be*, your own :
 It then remains, You shou'd the Dangers weigh
 That may a while defer the happy Day ;

Which

Which if *You* dare but meet, the Task be *Mine*
 To guide you safely through the vast Design;
 The *Gallick Fleet* shall shake the *British Shoar*
 With Force they never felt nor fear'd before;
 My best Commanders shall attend your Fate,
 And *chosen Troops* support your *Kingly State*.
 This is my *Will*, your *Answer* I expect,
 I have propos'd the *Task*, and will the *Deed* effect.

A rising Murmur from the buzzing Croud
 Proclaim'd their Wonder and their Pleasure loud,
 While the *Pretender* spoke, and as he spoke he bow'd.

Illustrious Prince, from whom my Fortune springs,
 Great Dread of *Nations*, and great Chief of *Kings*,
 Words want the Pow'r to speak my rising Joy,
 Nor can my Tongue vain *Eloquence* employ;
 Give me my *Crown*, and its *Command* shall shew
 How much to *Tour great Soul* I and my Subjects owe.
 Green in the Field, *unus'd* to Wars Alarms,
 Soldier in *bloom*, and yet *unskill'd* in Arms,
 I'll bravely lead your conqu'ring *Squadrons* on,
 And wade through Seas of *Blood* to reach my Throne;
 Nor fear I *Dangers*, nor can doubt *Success*,
 Hell cannot curse the Man whom *You* vouchsafe to *bless*.

He spoke,---The smiling King the Speech commends,
 And sudden *Orders* o'er his Kingdom sends,
 Surpris'd, the Council rose, and the great *Congress* ends.

Now from all parts the Din of War grows high,
 And *Trumpets* sound their *Summons* to the Sky;
 Tonitruous *Drums* in rougher Notes proclaim
 The *Soldiers* Bus'ness, and their *Leaders* Aim:
Arms long neglected, now begin to *shine*,
 And *neighing* Horses *snort* a Great Design;
 The Warlike *Ensigns* that the Chiefs prepare,
 In pendant *Curlings* fan the wanton Air;
Love's softer Arts no more amuse the Swains,
 And Nymphs are left abandon'd in the *Plains*;
 To *War's* great Call *Troops* of bold Youths advance,
 The *Pride* of Valour, and the *Bloom* of *France*;

With

With sprightly Joy they hear the loud Alarms,
 Forget their *softer Dress*, and shine in glitt'ring *Arms* :
 To *Dunkirk's* Port with hasty Zeal they fly,
 Where ready Ships of *War* in graceful Order lie.

And now the fatal Morn' began to peep,
 When the strong Fleet must plough the Stormy Deep ;
 In the gay *Town* the chosen Army lay,
 And with loud Shouts salute the welcome Day.
 The tuneful Trumpets echo from afar,
 With all the noisie Instruments of *War* ;
 The summon'd *Chiefs* to their fix'd places flew,
 And into Order all their Forces drew ;
 The tops of Houses Crouds of Gazers heap,
 And from the Windows *Wives* and *Mothers* weep ;
 With wringing hands a last Farewell they take,
 And wish the War Success, *each* for her Husband's sake.

In the broad *Front*, with an unequall'd Pride,
 They saw the rash *Pretender* boldly ride,
 Grac'd by the *Warlike Chiefs* who rode on either side.
 Twice Fifty gallant Troops march slowly on,
 Whose Swords in frequent *Wars* had Vict'ries won ;
 With graceful *Pride* their tall Commanders tread,
 And feather'd Plumes adorn each *elevated* Head ;
 Their sloping Spears shine thro' the City-gate,
 And others bear for *Arms* the fiery Tubes of Fate.

Thus march the haughty Train in pompous State,
 To gain the Strand, where ready Vessels wait ;
 A tempting *Gale* invites 'em soon aboard,
 And from the *Port* their hasty Ships unmoor'd ;
 Saluting Cannons from the Bulwarks roar,
 And the Fleets *Thunder* shakes the Friendly Shoar.

And *now* the formidable Ships of *France*
 From their strong Port to the wide Seas advance ;
 Their tallow'd Keels divide the rolling Waves,
 And their smooth sides the rising Ocean laves ;
 The skilful Mariners unfurl their Sails,
 Whose flutt'ring Canvass courts the swelling Gales ;
 The manag'd Rudders break the Billows pow'r,
 And make 'em guide what they wou'd else devour :

To dreadful breadth the bulky Squadrons spread,
 'Afrighted *Neptune* hides his hoary Head,
 And the *Sea-Monsters* fly, struck with a pannick Dread.
 To *Caledonian* Land their Course they bend,
 And on her Coast their threatening Pow'rs descend :
 The craggy Rocks, that guard the *Northern Shoar*,
 Trembl'd and shook at their loud Thunders roar,
 And loos'n'd from their Roots, that never mov'd before.

But hold, my Muse ; ---- Forget thy Foes a while,
 And turn a pleasing look to *BRITAIN's* Isle,
 On whose bless'd Fortunes Heav'n and *ANNA* smile.
 Soon had the watchful Eyes of *PROVIDENCE*,
 That ever wake and move for Her Defence,
 Perceiv'd the black Design, their Forces seen,
 And told their *Numbers* to the happy *QUEEN* :
 The *Loyal Senate* flame with gen'rous Fire,
 And *their Examples* ev'ry Breast inspire ;
 At the first Summons Crouds unnumber'd meet,
 And throw their *Lives* and *Fortunes* at Her Feet.
 Two *British* Fleets then plough'd the distant Main,
 One bore her *Natives* to the Coast of *Spain*,
 Others in *Midland Seas* Vict'ries on Vict'ries gain.
Mean while *Domestick Shoars* unguarded lie,
 No equal Force to meet the Foe was nigh ;
 But *ANNA* needs not *that*, for Heav'n is Her *ALLIE*.

Yet at Her Call tall Ships in Numbers meet,
 And form, with wond'rous haste, a Mighty Fleet ;
 O'er the rough Seas commanded Squadrons fly,
 In their swift way no dang'rous *Barriers* lie,
 From Her they claim their *Force*, their *Fortune* from the *Sky*.

Now the *brave Britons*, whom the Seas obey,
 O'er moving Mountains force their watry Way,
 Their *crowded Sails* leave loit'ring *Birds* behind,
 And their stretch'd Breadth *monopolize* the Wind.
 Eager to fight, their Ships for *War* prepare,
 Fly thro' the *Seas*, and sail upon the *Air* ;
 Each lab'ring Hull the wond'ring Waves divides,
 And shakes the frighted *Billows* from her sides ;
 Their bending *Masts* yield to the pow'rful Gales,
 And groaning *Beams* below proclaim the pond'rous *Sails*.
 When

When from their Watch the Fleets each other spy,
 With equal Joy contiguous Sails they ply,
 And look like two black *Clouds* gath'ring from either *Sky*.
 Each to just length contract their spreading Line,
 And glitt'ring Weapons from their Rigging shine;
Death, here invited, leaves the peaceful Shoar,
 And lies conceal'd in ev'ry Cannon's Bore,
 Tempting their *fiery Rage*, and courting them to roar.

Britannia's Sons with chearful Shouts come nigh,
 And their loud Triumphs pierce the vaulted Sky;
 On the high Decks the graceful Chiefs appear,
 Invite the Battle, and disdain to fear;
 Their sprightly Trumpets loud Defiance sound,
 And wond'ring Fishes dance in Shoals around;
 With gentle force the Southern Breezes blow,
 And bear their dreadful Thunder on the Foe.

But when the bold *Pretender* saw their Pow'r,
 And felt their Anger in a Sulph'rous Show'r,
 His *gifted Sword* forsook his trembling Hand,
 And his roll'd Eyes survey'd the distant Land,
 His fault'ring Tongue forgot a while to speak,
 And knocking Knees with sudden shocks grow weak;
 Strangely surpriz'd his anxious Thoughts appear,
 And drowns his Senses in the Gulph of Fear.

Thus, when the Noble Lion *sleeping* lies,
 Nor dreads the Danger of a base *Surprize*,
 Some envious Fox, who fears an *open Strife*,
 With *treach'rous* Guile attempts his *Royal Life*;
 But when He's seiz'd, and in vindictive Claws,
 Quakes with a guilty Fear, beneath the grasping Paws.

Now the rash *Gallick* Chiefs amaz'd look'd round,
 No Hopes of Safety but by Flight they found,
 With heedless haste they clap their *Helms a-lee*,
 And raise a short-liv'd Storm, by *breaking up the Sea*;
 No more the Ships in their first Order join,
Confusion now divides the scatter'd Line,
 O'er the wide *Ocean* spread, they lose their State,
 And fly *disorder'd* from pursuing Fate;

They

They crowd more Sail than Rigging can supply,
 Grasp all the Winds that whizz along the Sky,
 And *court* the Tempests they were us'd to *fly* :
 O'erloaden Vessels crack beneath their weight,
 And ev'ry Plank gapes wide, and opens Death a Gate :
 Close to the Waves they lay their prostrate sides,
 The chalky *Keel* high o'er the Surges rides, (Tides.)
 And their swift *Prows* raise Foam upon the *murm'ring*.

The wond'ring *Britons* view their sudden Flight,
 And bless with shouts the unexpected fight ;
 With *equal haste*, by *diff'rent Causes* led,
 To *equal breadth* their *Conqu'ring Squadrons* spread ;
 Well-manag'd Sails their stately Line extend,
 And their stiff Masts to the strong Canvass bend ;
 Swiftly they scud along the wat'ry Plain,
 And by degrees a short Advantage gain,
 Then tempt their Rivals to dispute the Day,
 And with loud Cannons summon them to stay :
 From their tall sides a gen'rous Thunder roars,
 Echoing Defiance to the distant Shoars,
 While from the *Gallick* Sterns base Bullets fly,
 And Clouds of *shameful* Smoak invade the blushing Sky.

In vain th'intrepid *Britains* tempt the Fight,
 In vain they strive to stop their eager Flight,
 In vain to animate their Foes they try,
 Beckon the Dangers Nature bids 'em fly,
 And court the bloody Blows which *Heav'n* and *France* deny.

Long had their Ships, *divided*, urg'd their way,
 And grac'd the Seas that did their Pow'r obey,
 When a brave *Few*, more happy than the rest,
 With *greater Speed*, but *equal Courage* bless'd,
 O'ertake the hindmost of the Hostile Fleet,
 And with *unwelcome* Shouts their pow'rful Rivals greet.

From each side *now* successive Thunder flies,
 On the rough Waves contending Vessels rise,
 Alternate Show'rs of Death blue Sulphur rain,
 Oceans of Blood the wat'ry Surface stain,
 And spread their purple Horror o'er the Main.

Britannia's Sons with brave Resentment flame,
Gallia must now support her sinking Fame,
 One side for *Honour* fights, and one for *Shame*.
 Hot Wombs of *Brass* new Births of *Fire* prepare,
 Thunder on Thunder shakes the smoaky Air,
 Sulphureous Clouds in curling Volumes rise,
 And Nitrous Gloom obscures the ambient Skies,
 Till dreadful Lightning flashing thro' the Night,
 Discloses horrid Scenes with momentary Light.

Promiscuously the Ships in Battle join,
 Observe no Order, keep no formal Line,
 But strive by diff'rent Arts, to compass one Design;
 With deadly Force *Here* adverse Bullets meet,
 And with rough Shocks, and *breaking* Fury greet,
Here rising Waves the meeting Vessels dash,
 And join their bulky Sides with hideous Crash;
 Now *grapling* Sailors Hand to Hand contend,
 Some desprately assail what some defend;
Here Sword from Sword with fearful Noise rebounds,
Here weighty Fauchions fix their dreadful Wounds,
Here by destructive Musquets Crowds expire,
 And *adverse* Parties fight in Storms of Fire;
 Three Elements in strange Disorder join,
 In vain the *strugling* Flames attempt to shine,
 Thro' *rising* Surges red-hot Bullets fly,
 And dash the *bissing* Waters to the Sky;
 With *unresisted* Force they onward roar,
 Disjoin the Ships that *closely* fought before,
 And shake the *troubled* Seas, and drive 'em to the Shoar.

Now was the Time BRITANNIA shou'd advance
 Her deathless Glories on the Fall of *France*,
 Sing, Loyal *Muse*, by what strange turn of Fate
 The faithless *Foe* preserv'd his sinking State;
 Say by what means *Jove's* Favour was obtain'd,
 And how, by him secur'd, they *Dunkirk's* Port regain'd.

Shock'd at the *growing* Thunder of the Fight,
 And eager to behold the bloody Sight,
 Imperial *Jove* descends, enthron'd on *Clouds*,
 And *Heav'n's* bright Host attends in *shining* Crouds;

At his Command the strengthen'd Air supports
 The num'rous *Rulers* of Celestial Courts,
 Who, stretch'd at wanton Ease, *observant* lye,
 And frame a glorious *Heav'n* below the Sky.

Not far from hence, amidst th'unfathom'd Sea,
 There stands a *Rock*, strong in a vast degree,
 Its *tow'ring* sides the roughest Storms out-brave,
 And mock the Fury of the *fiercest* Wave,
 High on its craggy *Top* old *Neptune* stood,
 Lord of the *Regions* of the briny Flood ;
 Around his Head a *whistling* Tempest blew,
 And his long Hair high from his Temples flew,
 His *rais'd* Right Hand his powerful *Trident* shook,
 And the loud *Ocean* trembled at his Look.

Soon as he saw the *thund'ring* God descend,
 And fear'd the Consequence that might attend,
 He rais'd his dreadful Voice, and thus began,
 While the *busb'd* Seas in *awful* silence ran.

Brother, whose happier Fate has plac'd you high,
 And fix'd you *Ruler* of the starry Sky,
 Welcome, oh welcome, for you come in time,
 To see me punish an unequal'd Crime :
ANNA the Great, the *just*, of matchless Worth,
 Whom *Fate* decrees the Empress of the Earth,
 Urg'd by the pious Flames of *mutual* Love,
 And such as almost equals yours above,
 Gives the Command of the subjected *Main*
 To her blest Consort *GEORGE* the Royal DANE ;
 Long has that happy PRINCE successful been,
 And Rul'd the *Navies* of his Darling QUEEN,
 Till o'er the wond'ring World He spread Her Fame,
 And distant *Nations* trembled at her Name ;
My self with Pleasure all my Pow'r resign'd,
 Gave *Him* a full Command o'er Seas and Wind,
 For I submitted *still* to all that She design'd.
 Yet Now, O daring Insolence ! this Foe,
 Whose wide *Ambition* injur'd Nations know,
 At her lov'd Breast has aim'd a treach'rous Blow ;
 But see the conqu'ring *British* Fleet advance,
 Whose dreadful Cannons bear the Fate of France.

He

He said,----and as he wou'd have spoken more,
Jove cast his Eyes upon the *Gallick* Shoar,
 Henceforth, he cry'd, *Rash* Prince, more humble grow,
 Nor tempt the Anger of your *British* Foe:
 Fate *now* protects you, if again you dare
 Invade that Land, a bloody Fall beware.
 This said,---- a dusky Cloud he *downwards* threw,
 And Scenes of *Darkness* 'twixt the *Navies* drew,
 Then smil'd in *Neptune's* Face, and *upwards* flew.

The furious *God* with Wonder view'd the Deed,
 And curs'd the Safety *Jove* to *France* decreed;
 He bent his stormy Brow against the Skies,
 Amazing Fires flash'd swiftly from his Eyes,
 And mad with raging *Passion*, loudly cries,

Hah! dares he thus invade a Brother's Right?
 Tho' I can ne'er repel his *New-fram'd* Night,
 I'll curse with equal *Plagues* their shameful Flight.

He said,----and made his willing *Tritons* meet,
 To guard from gath'ring Storms the *British* Fleet,
 Then with his *Trident* struck the hollow Rock,
 That three times trembled with the mighty shock,
 Thence issued *Boreas* with impetuous roar,
 And shook the *boyst'rous* Seas from Shoar to Shoar,
 Successive *Waves* in wat'ry Hills rise steep,
 Disclosing all the *Horrors* of the Deep,
Commission'd Billows o'er each other roul,
 And *frightful* Prospects shock the bravest Soul.

The *Gallick* Fleet the *Tempest* soon o'ertakes,
 And on their Ships with dreadful Horror breaks;
 Now with strange Force the swelling Surges rise,
 And lift the mounting Vessels to the Skies,
 Then from their *Keels* the *faithless* Waters fall,
 And to the muddy *Bottom* drop 'em all.
 The trembling *Sailors* ply their Ropes in vain,
 And gaping Planks admit the roaring Main,

Their

Their shatter'd Sails in num'rous pieces fly,
 And Tempests blow their *Streamers* to the Sky,
 Disjointed Rudders float upon the Waves,
 And groaning Numbers sink in wat'ry Graves,
 Disabled Vessels *meet* with sudden Shocks,
 And some are dash'd with force upon the Rocks,
 Some shrieking *Mariners* midst Waves Expire,
 Some dye by strange *Diseases*, some by Fire,
Death in all Shapes, and horrid Pomp appears,
 And *growing* Dangers swell beyond their Fears,
Plague, Wind and *Sea* 'gainst perjur'd *France* combine,
 And in her Ruin firm Confed'rates join,
 Till *long-deserv'd* Fatigues and Hazards o'er,
 A scatter'd Remnant gain their native Shore.

Such Fate may *ANNA's* Foes for ever find,
 May HEAV'N on Her still smile, nor *Hell* disturb Her Mind.

F I N I S.
